



# The Wall



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## Chapter 1 by Jennifer Barber

It's 6 am, a gloomy Saturday morning. I've just awoken to the sound of the tolls sounding the wake up call. As I prepare for another routine day of work at the market, I remember Before - when things were normal, before the change came and nothing was ever the same.

## Chapter 2 by ALEJANDRA AMAYA



### \*The Wall\*

As i started my way towards work, i could feel the cold breeze on my face, the unwelcoming sunshine coming down on me. I am only 17, but yet, I've been through so much already. These walls are like cages, i'm separated from everyone i love, my family, my friends. Everything.

This unpleasant loneliness began when i was at the age of 14. I remember it like it happened yesterday. It was the dead of night, the darkness surrounded us all. Suddenly, walls crashed up from the ground. I screamed my parents name, but they were already gone. It was just me in this cold, silent night. Then, I was grouped with strangers my age, they took us to a place I've never seen before. And I have been here ever since.

## Chapter 3 by Geneva Collins



I don't understand anything these days. I stopped trying.

A dog darts out from behind a pile of boxes in the alley as I pass. I stop walking to keep from kicking it as I watch the mutt scurry into the next alley over. I continue my route, but something stops me. A whisper.

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completely insane. It is here that I could calm down, enjoy a good book and process my thoughts that were constantly racing. I walk down my favorite aisle when a book catches my eye. It was a brown hardcover book with no title. I walk over to my favorite spot and open the book. As I open the book a slip of paper falls out. I pick it up not knowing what to expect. Suddenly, I became very nervous, my heart started beating very quickly. At the top of the paper scrawled in red ink were the words, "I know how to end this madness", and at the bottom was my father's name. Robert H. Ashmore.

### Chapter 5 by Michaela



I stare at the piece of paper for what seems hours rereading the line at the top of the paper. "I know how to stop this madness". I'm nervous and scared but i'm also happy. Someone knows how to stop this madness. I hurry and close the book and tuck the piece of paper in my pants. I hope they didn't see me. The people that took me and other people my age. There are cameras everywhere we go. We can't hide. We can't run. We can't escape. I need to get out of here.

I go into the messy bathroom and head to the last stall stepping over boxes and toilet paper and I step into a puddle of water. I feel like they're coming for me. That they know I found out how to end this madness and now they're going to kill me because of it. They don't want me to ruin whatever they're doing. I hurry and close the filthy stall door and pull out the piece of paper. I haven't seen my father since I was fourteen. I don't know what happened to him but he knows how to end this madness.

### Chapter 6 by Mariah McKeen



I pull a pencil out of my back pocket. "How?" I write on the paper. I have so many questions that are swirling through my mind but this is the only one I can think to ask that won't take up the whole paper and won't waste time getting to the direct answer.

I shove the note in my pocket and open the bathroom stall, glancing around to see if they're already after me. Trying to breathe calmly, I walk back over to the book and slip the note back into the pages. I have no idea how he was able to get the note here but I think he'll look for a response if I write one.

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I have a feeling I won't be doing very much talking tonight because the gears in my brain are turning. How could we possibly end this? Take a sledgehammer to the wall? Build a ladder? "Please respond soon", I whisper as I walk, praying to my father, "I can't take this for very much longer."

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